

Jim Carroll, Them

They hit you with their papers when you're living
On loan. they're the ones who say nothing when you
Answer the phone. you see them in the alleys when
You're passing late at night, but you tell your friend
To check it and there's no one in sight.

I never wanted it
I never asked for it
I surely didn't sleep with them
If the phone rings, don't answer it

Death is their only way to survive
The neck of anubis strangled by wire

They hold their eyes in their fist
One is fire . . . one is ice
They roll them across the bed like some loaded dice

7 come 11 but I could not stay
I kissed her eyes on the sheets
I took a bus to yesterday

Their flesh is a cemetery, centuries old . . .
You are free as a lap dog
Just do what you're told

They wear spandex and gloves
And feed on fetus flesh
They're the fashion rage
Of the empirical age

But I never wanted them
Never asked for them
Didn't sleep with them
Please don't answer it

Death is their only way to get high
The neck of anubis strangled by wire

They say, "i'll live for your sins
If you will die for mine . . ."

I'll summon the darkness
If you buy the wine

They're all underage
Yet they're a thousand years old

They make you feel so clever while you're being sold